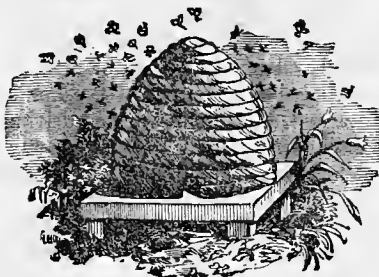


# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING  
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE  
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1867.

NO. 2.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## RUTH AND NAOMI.

OUR story commences at the gate of the city of Bethlehem in Judea, one beautiful bright morning at harvest time. It is many hundred years ago, when the Judges ruled over Israel. An elder of the city, named Boaz, has there stopped one of his nearest relations, to talk to him on a subject of importance to them both. He has also called several other elders to listen to what is said and to be judges in the matter between them. For it was the custom in those days for the elders to sit at the gates of the cities of Israel, to decide differences amongst the people, to hear complaints or to explain the law.

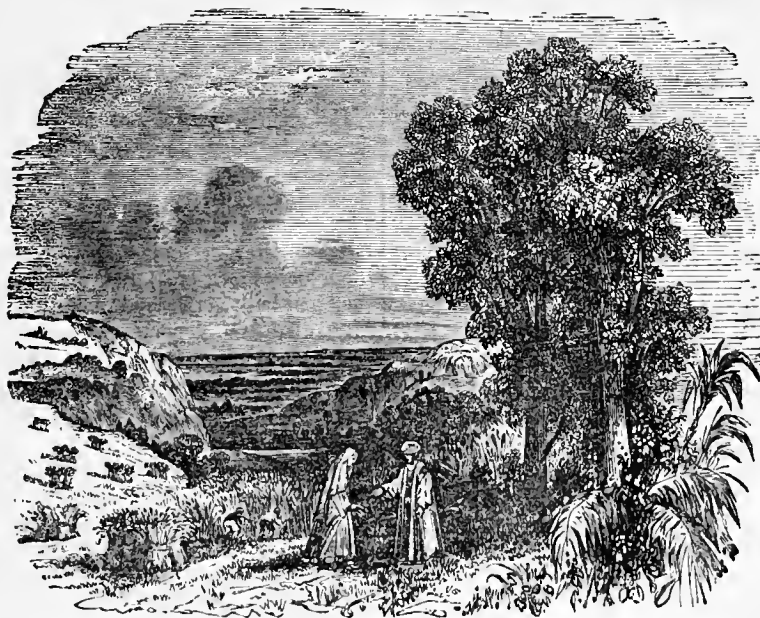
Let us listen to what Boaz is saying, and though we will not give his exact language we will convey his ideas to you. It is easily to be seen he is much interested in the subject about which he is talking. "You will remember," he commences "the days when there was a famine in the land, that our kinsman Elimelech, fearing that his family would want for bread, took his wife and two sons to the land of Moab. There they dwelt for many years, and his sons took each a wife from the daughters of that land. After a while Elimelech died, and, soon after, both his sons were carried to the grave also. Naomi, his wife, was now left alone, without husband or sons to comfort her old age, with no tie to keep her in a land of strangers, so she has returned a childless widow to the house of her kindred and the home of her youth. She is, however, not quite alone, for the wife of one of her sons, named Ruth, has not left her in all her misfortunes. It is of her I wish to speak. When Naomi left the land of Moab she urged both her sons' wives to return to their fathers' houses, as they had nothing to induce them to leave their native land to come with her into Judea. After much persuasion one did return home. The other, deaf to all her entreaties, would not forsake her. 'En-

treat me not, mother' were her words, 'to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God, where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried.' She is here in our midst now, a stranger and unprotected.

"One day, a little while ago, I noticed the damsel gleaning in my field. Not knowing her, I asked the overseer of my harvesters regarding her. On being told, I commanded my young men to let her glean among the sheaves and to rebuke her not; to let her drink of the water they drew from the well when she was thirsty, and to suffer her to eat with my hand-maidens when she hungered. From then until now she has stayed with my maidens and gleaned in my fields. Now, my kinsman, you are the nearest kin to the husband of Ruth and the house of Elimelech, will you purchase of Naomi the inheritance of her husband and sons. If you will not redeem it, then tell me that I may know, for I am next of kin to you."

When the kinsman heard about the inheritance, he said to Boaz: "I will redeem it." "But," said Boaz to him, "you know the law of Moses: that when any man dies in Israel without leaving any children his nearest relative shall marry the widow, and if they have any sons and daughters they shall be considered as belonging to the dead husband, and be called by his name. Now, if you buy the inheritance, you must also take Ruth, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon the inheritance; if you do the one you must the other. If, however, you will not fulfil your part, I have promised Ruth to take her as my wife." Such are the ideas conveyed by Boaz, though the language is somewhat different.

Let us hear the kinsman's excuse when he found that if he took the inheritance, he would have to take the widow as his wife: "I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own



inheritance: redeem thou my right; for I cannot redeem it." The inheritance he would have liked very well, but he thought that if he had to take the widow too, it was not worth having. She was a burden that he was quite willing to transfer to Boaz.

Then Boaz, calling to the elders and the people who were standing around, says: "You are witnesses of what has been said, and that my kinsman has given up his privileges to me;" and they reply: "we are witnesses." So Boaz took Ruth to be his wife, according to the law of the Lord, though no doubt he had wives of his own, being a man of much influence and riches amongst the people. Then the Lord blessed them, and Ruth became mother of a son, whom they called Obed. Now Obed was the father of Jesse, who was the father of King David. The Lord thus giving them a race of kings for their posterity, and above all the King of Kings, our Redeemer came through the lineage of Boaz and Ruth.

How much that kinsman lost by giving away his right and letting another fulfil his part! He was fearful for some reason to fulfil the law of God. Perhaps he did not want to take another wife, as the children of the marriage would not be counted his own, and, therefore, shirked his responsibility, and let the next relative take it, who by thus fulfilling the law has made his name honorable through all generations. While the constancy and devotedness of Ruth to her husband's mother, Naomi, brought upon her the approval of God and rendered her an example of womanly virtues and a pattern for all to follow.

## Book of Mormon Sketches.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

### HAGOTH, THE SHIP-BUILDER—GADIANTON AND HIS BAND—WICKEDNESS OF PEOPLE.

**A**FTER the death of the good Helaman, Shiblon, also a righteous man, took care of the plates and sacred things which had been handed down from the time Lehi left Jerusalem. Moroni, also, died shortly after Helaman.

About this time a large company, consisting of several thousand men, women and children, left the land of Zarahemla, where the Nephites lived, and went a long way off to the north to make a new home where they might live in peace away from the Lamanites. But we shall see that there is no safety for any person, or people, except in keeping the commandments of the Lord, and He can protect us, if we love and trust in him, even in the midst of our enemies. Several other companies started north after this, and one man, named Hagoth, built some large ships in which he and a great many people sailed away to the north and were never heard of any more. Another ship, full of people, also sailed away the same year, but no one knew where this or the others went to. Probably one or more of them found and settled the Sandwich Islands, or some of the other little islands that abound in the Pacific Ocean.

Shiblon, finding that he was growing old and about to die, conferred the sacred things upon young Helaman. The Chief Judge, Pahoran, also died soon after, and a contention arose between the three sons, Pahoran, Paanchi and Pacumoni, and the people, as to which should succeed their father. The majority of the people chose Pahoran, the eldest brother. When the wicked Paanchi learned this, he tried to raise a rebellion against his brother, but was taken prisoner, tried, and sentenced to death. Some of Paanchi's friends were very angry about it, and they hired a very wicked man, named Kishkumen, to go

and murder Pahoran. After the death of Pahoran, the people chose his brother Pacumoni to be their Chief Judge; but he did not govern long, for the Lamanites again made war upon the Nephites, and a Lamanite general named Coriantumr slew Pacumoni. Some terrible battles then ensued, in which thousands of men, women and children were slain, but by the blessing of the Lord, Moronihah finally succeeded in killing Coriantumr and driving the Lamanites out of the land.

Helaman was now chosen to be Chief Judge over the Nephites. Kishkumen, who killed Pahoran, tried to murder Helaman also; but one of the latter's friends discovered the plot and killed this murderer to save the life of Helaman. There was a very wicked and crafty man, however, named Gadianton, the leader of Kishkumen's band, who had established many secret signs and oaths among his men to bind them together, and when he heard of the death of Kishkumen he and his followers fled out of the country, so that the government could not take and punish them, and they afterwards were the cause of a great deal of trouble and bloodshed.

During Helaman's reign a great many people went away into the north to live, into the country now called the United States of America. There was also a great deal of trouble and contention among the Nephites during a portion of his reign, but he was firm in doing right, serving the Lord, and maintaining the constitution of his country, inviolate. He also had the pleasure of seeing many thousands join the Church while he lived; but after his death even they began to be proud and vain, envious and contentious, and instead of constantly remembering the Lord who had so greatly prospered and blessed them and being increasingly grateful to Him, the rich began to persecute the poor, and they indulged in wicked practices until the Spirit of the Lord was grieved away from them, quarrels, dissensions and bloodshed ensued among them and, as usual, the rebellious ones apostatized and went over to the Lamanites.

Helaman had two sons, whom he named Nephi and Lehi. Nephi succeeded his father in the judgment seat. The Lamanites again made war upon the Nephites, and for some years there was continual distress, war and bloodshed in the land. The majority of the Nephites had become so wicked that the power of God was no longer with them, and the Lamanites beat them and took a great many of their cities from them which they had built in the land of Zarahemla. Nephi and Lehi, and Moronihah, the general of their armies, preached and labored with the people, exhorting them to repent, so that the Lord might deliver them out of the hands of their enemies; but the most of them were too hard-hearted and corrupt to believe and obey the words of the servants of God. Nephi was so grieved because of the wickedness of the Nephites that he determined to resign his position as Chief Judge, and, with his brother Lehi, to devote the remainder of his life to preaching the word of God. We shall see, in our next, how greatly he and his brother were blessed in their labors, and can see how much good one or two faithful men can do when the Spirit of the Lord is with them.

**A FRAID IN THE DARK.**—All day a little boy had gone singing and dancing through the house as light-hearted and happy as a bird. But, when night came, like many other children, he was afraid in the dark.

"Willy," said his mother, who sat sewing by the gas lamp, "go over to my room and get the needle book that lies on my bureau."

But Willy did not stir.

"Go, my son." And his mother spoke in a firm voice.

"I'm afraid," said Willy.

"Afraid of what?"

"It's dark over there."

"What is dark?" asked Willy's mother. "Nothing but a shadow. See!" and she put her hand between the gas lamp and a small work basket on the table. "Now it is dark in the basket, and now," removing her hand, "it is light. Look at this ball. We will call it the earth. On the side toward the lamp it is bright; but as I turn the ball, the bright or daylight side, goes away from the lamp. It is in shadow now; or in its night time. Just as I turn this ball, the earth on which we live keeps turning all the while. Now we are on the side away from the sun, or in the great shadow which the earth makes, in the same way that this ball makes a shadow when I hold it up before the gas lamp; and we say it is night. In the morning we will turn to the sun again, and then it will be day. So you see that the dark is only a shadow; and I don't see anything in a shadow to make any one afraid. Do you? If anybody were to say that my Willy was afraid of a shadow, I hardly think he would feel complimented."

## Voices From Nature.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

### EARTHQUAKES.

WHEN the poets have exhausted almost every conceivable form of language to picture out the beauties of the evening red, or have dwelt on the grandeur of a thunder-storm, or have described with great success the terrors of a hurricane at sea, none has ventured yet, to my knowledge, to touch a phenomenon which surpasses them all in extent of horror and destructiveness—the earthquake; leaving to the philosopher or the eye-witness and historian to tell and explain what they can of it; for who ever himself has experienced this "quaking of the earth and the heart" certainly never needs a piece of poetry to awaken in him a sense of the awfulness of its nature, and to those who never witnessed or felt it, as probably all of my young readers never have, a plain description of it will be far more welcome.

When we are on board a ship at sea, as inconvenient as the motion of the ship may be in the beginning to the traveler, he finds nothing unnatural in it, and the usual amount of seasickness passed, he becomes even accustomed to it, and many a joke on account of it seasons the monotony of the voyage. Not so with an earthquake. The ground you walk upon, which you from childhood up have considered as the firm foundation upon which everything is built, the houses, the gardens, and the mountains, that very ground begins to move up and down, and you may see undulating waves gliding along the plain as though the earth were water. A long straight line of trees and houses begins to move like a snake, and deep chasms open before you such as you see on bursting ice; houses totter and crumble to pieces in a second, as if built of cards by the hand of a child, and a rolling and rumbling noise is going on beneath your feet like a heavy thunder-storm in the ground. In vain you endeavor to find a firm foothold, everywhere the earth is shaking and quaking. You cannot flee to the mountains, for they may burst any minute and swallow up their tops or throw them down into the valley burying everything beneath them. You cannot flee to the plain, for it is in commotion too. The fowls of the air flutter about in fright, and the horse trembles with terror in every limb, and the people, rushing out of their houses, give themselves up to the manifestations of despair and

helplessness. Perhaps, however, it will pass over; you may have heard only the footsteps of the destroyer passing by, and the earthquake is as suddenly gone as it came. Perhaps, it may only re-vibrate in smaller and fainter shocks until it finally dies away without any more damage. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may, the next minute, bring death and destruction to thousands of people; may bury in their own ruins cities, towns and villages; may sink beneath the waves of the sea a whole landscape or open a new volcano in the midst of a populous district. This is an earthquake.

Through many and successive observations three different kinds of earthquakes have thus far been distinguished; the perpendicular motion, the undulating one, and the circular, which latter is the most dangerous and destructive. The perpendicular motion is always confined to a very small district, often no more than some hundreds of yards in circumference, and is a shock apparently in a perpendicular direction from the interior of the earth to the surface; but of such violence that objects within its reach are thrown high up into the air, as for instance, on the island of Malta a flagstaff was thrown up clear out of the ground and shattered to pieces. The undulating motion is the most harmless, consisting in a waving of the ground, sometimes gentle, sometimes however in shocks, and then more injurious, in a certain direction, and besides cracking here and there the wall of a house, rattling the doors and windows, moving off the furniture in the rooms, and causing mirrors and pictures to swing on the walls, doing no further damage. This kind of earthquake is the most common on the western slope of the American continent and on the eastern shores of Asia. But the circular motion, which arises, probably, from a combination of the two first mentioned and the undulations of the second crossing one another, is the source of those many and fearful calamities, which, as in the case of Lisbon in the last century, and of Caracas in South America in the year 1812, will probably remain unforgotten in the history of man.

There is one consolation, however, in the fact which science has proved to some extent at least—that earthquakes are confined to a kind of belt running around the earth, leaving large sections of the habitable globe entirely free, as for instance, the greater portion of the United States, the whole of northern Europe, the middle of Asia, the whole southern half of Africa and also the most of the islands in the Pacific Ocean.

If my young readers would ask me the question, what are the causes of earthquakes? I freely admit that I do not know, save that electricity, as in thunder-storms, has much to do with it; but as neither I, nor anybody else knows what the nature of electricity is, we must leave it in the hands of Him, who calls earthquakes forth and uses them for his purposes, which are wise and good, although we may not always see their motive and aim. By this powerful agent He raised mountains out of the plains, and changed the land of Zion in days gone by, as the Book of Mormon tells you; by it He may change again the continents on the face of the earth according to His plan, and with it He will warn the nations of the approaching day of His coming, when very likely it again will be employed to open the bowels of the earth for those who are sleeping to come forth, the wicked to judgment, the righteous to receive their reward and the Saints to assume their inheritances upon a new and glorified earth.

K. G. M.

IF one offend you, before answering, call to mind this golden sentence: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger," and you will save yourselves hours of regret and repentance.

THE error of a moment is often the sorrow of a whole life.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

JANUARY 15, 1867.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**B**LESSED are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. These were the words of the Lord Jesus to the people when he was upon the earth. These words should never be forgotten by our JUVENILES; but should be treasured up in their hearts as long as they live. If they will act upon them, they will not only be blessed themselves, but prove a blessing to all with whom they may associate. How delightful is the presence and society of the boy or girl who makes peace, who when others are disposed to quarrel, says kind words and has pleasant looks, and by soft answers turns away wrath! The amount of good that one such boy or girl accomplishes among his or her associates would surprise our little readers if they could see it all. Wherever such children go, their influence is felt. If they see trouble and bad feelings among their playmates, they do their best to remove them, and to have a peaceful reconciliation. We are pleased to know that there are many such boys and girls among our people in these mountains, and we hope that the class will increase. We need such boys and girls; because, after awhile, they will grow up to be peace-making men and women. The world has been quarreling long enough. We now want peace; at least in Zion.

Quarrelsome boys and girls annoy every person who has anything to do with them. They are unhappy themselves, and they are apt to make others feel unpleasant. Instead of trying to stop a quarrel among their schoolmates, they try and encourage it; and if such boys can urge on two other boys to fight, they are in great glee over it. To have a fight is capital sport for them, especially if they have nothing to do but look on. Such boys and girls are likely to make very disagreeable, good-for-nothing men and women. They are like the hedge hog, their quills are always sticking out.

Some children, and grown up people too, have an idea that they must stand up for their rights, even if they have to quarrel and fight for them. They frequently mistake a peaceable disposition for cowardice, and a quarrelsome, fighting manner for independence. We hope our JUVENILES will not be deceived by such ideas, for they are wrong. A brave, wise boy will submit for a good while before he will contend or fight. The bravest men we have ever known have been the most peaceable.

Let our little readers remember, that if they would be called the children of God, they must be peace-makers; and if their brothers or sisters, or playmates lose their temper, and feel like contending or quarrelling, instead of joining with them and making the matter worse, they should say pleasant, kind words to them, and try and calm them and preserve peace.

WE have a few sets of Volume One of the INSTRUCTOR on hand, which those wishing to purchase can have by applying at this office.

**M**ERRILY have the sleigh bells jingled through our street this winter. The horses have seemed to enter as heartily into the sport of sleighing as their owners. Though disagreeable in some respects, still winter is not without its charms. Young and old enjoy themselves in social intercourse to an extent that the pressure of business at other seasons does not admit of. The boys especially have fine fun in winter with their sleds and skates. Cold weather is not terrible to those who have plenty of good food, warm clothing and comfortable houses, with no lack of fuel to warm them. But to those who are not so comfortably situated, and who may be destitute, it is a season to be dreaded. How bitterly do such poor ones feel the cold! "How cold! how cold!" is their cry. The winds are cold, the earth is cold, the sky looks cold. Our mountains, which proudly tower around, and which in their garments of virgin snow look so gloriously grand to those who are well fed and comfortably housed, have a chilling, repellent look to the poor. They see no beauty in the wintry landscape. The frosted trees and falling snow have no charms for them. In their eyes all nature looks dreary and forlorn.

Now is the time for our JUVENILES, who have all the comforts they need, to think of the poor who may be around them. Our poor people are very few. Food is plentiful and easily procured, clothing is not so scarce as it was when we first came here; but still there may be some who are not so comfortable as they might be. When our little readers, who have plenty of good things, are enjoying them, let their hearts be filled with thankfulness to God for His goodness, and if they know of any who are destitute, let them try and show their gratitude to Him by assisting some of His children.

We would get very tired of winter if it were as long here as it is in some countries to the north of us. But the reign of the Ice King in our land is not very long. Already the sun's rays are gaining strength and power, and earth's day of freedom from the bondage of frost is surely approaching. Even now the little fibers of the grass, the flowers and the trees, are making merry under ground. The sun has sent his message to them, and they are awaiting with delight the deliverance which he promises.

**T**HE promptness with which many of our agents and friends have forwarded their own and others' names as subscribers for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, is an evidence of the kind interest which they feel in its success. We thank them for their diligence in this matter, and we take this occasion to say that we hope those who have not sent us their lists of names, will please forward them at as early a date as possible. There are several wards in this city from which we have had no names handed in. This, we feel assured, arises from neglect and not a lack of appreciation of the paper. There is no necessity for our sisters being backward in collecting names of subscribers. There is nothing indelicate in the labor. In one of the wards of this city a sister acts as agent, and though not one of the most populous, through her energy we have more subscribers in that ward than any other in the city.

BROTHER JOHN M. HORNER, writes from Mission San Jose, California, as follows:

"My subscription for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has expired. Please renew the same; for, with me, the paper is indispensable. The historical portion is worth many times its price. The fact is the paper, or rather its contents, are valuable. Concentrated facts are not to be met with everywhere, and particularly in children's papers, which among the sectarians, are mostly made up of fiction. They act upon the principle that truth cannot be made interesting enough for children to read; hence, they choose fancy stories, made from nothing, containing nothing,



and worth nothing after they are made. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR suits old as well as young. I am pleased with the proposed improvement. The only improvement I could wish for in the first volume is better paper."

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## THE CARAVAN.

A CARAVAN is a company of merchants or pilgrims, or of both, who join together for the purpose of traveling in greater security. In some parts of western Asia there are great deserts, which have to be crossed in going from one place to another, and it is necessary that travelers should go in large companies while crossing them, to be the better able to protect themselves from the wild beasts and bands of Arab robbers which infest those regions, and are too numerous for solitary travelers, or even small companies, to encounter.

The pilgrims who make by far the largest caravans at times, are people who believe that Mahommed was a prophet, and go from distant places to worship at his tomb in Meccah, a city of Arabia. Four of these great caravans start every year for Meccah from different points. One from Cairo, in Egypt, which consists of Mahommedans from Barbary in North Africa. One from Damascus, in Syria, which is composed of Turks. One from Babylon, in Persia, for Persians. And one from Zibith, at the mouth of the Red Sea, where pilgrims from India and some parts of Arabia meet together to organize. These caravans mostly travel by night in the hot weather, and rest during the day time. There are at times some thousands of people in a caravan; some ride on camels; some are borne in litters on the backs of camels or mules; some ride on asses; some of the poor among the pilgrims go on foot; while the soldiers who always accompany these large caravans to protect them, are mounted on horses.

It must be a beautiful and imposing sight to watch a caravan on the march from a distance, as it threads its way perhaps down some defile in the mountains, like the one in our illustration, with the many colored dresses, the rich costumes of the wealthy, the constant tinkling of the bells fastened to the mules, and the wild looking horsemen, such as those who are seen in the front. You can see these rude soldiers behind pushing on their animals, to be with the others in front. Sometimes they are not so anxious to be ahead, when the Bedouin robbers gather in force on some high cliffs, while the caravan is passing through a narrow defile among rocky mountains.

As an instance of the manner in which they are sometimes attacked, a large caravan was passing through a mountain gorge going to Medina, the birth-place of Mahommed, when at day dawn thin, blue curls of smoke were seen on a high precipitous cliff on their right, and the loud, sharp crack of the robber's

guns were heard, without any previous warning. Away up among the rocks they fired down upon the travelers killing some of them; but they were not strong enough to conquer and rob them.

But caravans have other things to dread besides robbers and wild beasts. A deadly wind blows over those deserts, called the simoom, which is often very fatal. Sometimes whole caravans have thus perished, and their bones have been left to bleach on the burning sands, or buried under them. Sometimes, too, these hot winds dry up the water which they have for use crossing the deserts, carried in skins, and the sufferings from thirst are terrible.

A writer named Savary, thus speaks of a deadly wind of this kind: "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveler surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the color of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

But if travelers in caravans are liable to meet such disasters, they also enjoy many pleasant times on their journey. How pleasant it must be, after the perils of the desert are past, to camp by some gushing fountain of pure water, surrounded by the spreading palm and other eastern trees, and enjoy the rest so much desired and so delightful when it is obtained! Besides, on the march, as they thread their way over lovely plains, adorned with the beauties of nature, the merry sounds which salute the ear make the march lightsome and cheerful, while the camels step lightly along, their drivers often singing and making music for them, which they seem to well understand. Of this another writer has said: "The camel-driver follows the camels, singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the

louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music." Of course he drives them on when they stop, unless he wishes to stop himself.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## A VISION.

I PROMISED my young friends, the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, that I would give them some extracts from my journal. I will give a short account of some events of my childhood and youth. I spent the first years of my life under the influence of what history has called the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut. No man, boy, or child of any age was permitted to play, or do any work from sunset Saturday night, until Sunday night. After sunset, men might work, and boys might jump, shout, and play as much as they pleased. Our parents were very strict with us on Saturday night, and all day Sunday we



had to sit very still and say over the Presbyterian catechism and some passages in the Bible. The people of Connecticut in those days thought it wicked to believe in any religion, or belong to any church, except the Presbyterian. They did not believe in having any prophets, apostles, or revelations, as they had in the days of Jesus, and as we now have in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

There was one aged man in Connecticut, however, by the name of Robert Mason, who did not believe like the rest of the people. He believed it was necessary to have prophets, apostles, dreams, visions and revelations in the church of Christ the same as they had who lived in ancient days; and he believed the Lord would raise up a people and a church, in the last days, with prophets, apostles and all the gifts, power and blessings, which it ever contained in any age of the world. The people called this man, the old prophet Mason. He frequently came to my father's house when I was a boy, and taught me and my brothers those principles; and I believed them. This prophet prayed a great deal, and he had dreams and visions, and the Lord showed him many things, by visions, which were to come to pass in the last days.

I will here relate one vision, which he related to me. The last time I ever saw him, he said: "I was laboring in my field at mid-day when I was enwrapped in a vision. I was placed in the midst of a vast forest of fruit trees; I was very hungry, and walked a long way through the orchard searching for fruit to eat; but I could not find any in the whole orchard, and I wept because I could find no fruit. While I stood gazing at the orchard, and wondering why there was no fruit, the trees began to fall to the ground upon every side of me, until there was not one tree left standing in the whole orchard; and while I was marveling at the scene, I saw young sprouts start up from the roots of the trees which had fallen, and they opened into young thrifty trees before my eyes. They budded, blossomed, and bore fruit until the trees were loaded with the finest fruit I ever beheld, and I rejoiced to see so much fine fruit. I stepped up to a tree and picked my hands full of fruit, and I marvelled at its beauty, and as I was about to taste of it, the vision closed, and I found myself in the field in the same place I was at the commencement of the vision.

"I then knelt down upon the ground, and prayed unto the Lord, and asked him, in the name of Jesus Christ, to show me the meaning of the vision. The Lord said unto me: this is the interpretation of the vision; the great trees of the forest represent the generation of men in which you live. There is no church of Christ, or kingdom of God upon the earth in your generation; there is no fruit of the church of Christ upon the earth; there is no man ordained of God to administer in any of the ordinances of the gospel of salvation upon the earth in this day and generation. But, in the next generation, I the Lord will set up my kingdom and my church upon the earth, and the fruits of the kingdom and church of Christ, such as have followed the prophets, apostles and saints in every dispensation, shall again be found in all their fulness upon the earth. You will live to see the day, and handle the fruit; but will never partake of it in the flesh."

When the old prophet had finished relating the vision and interpretation, he said to me, calling me by my christian name: "I shall never partake of this fruit in the flesh; but you will, and you will become a conspicuous actor in that kingdom;" and then turned and left me, these being the last words he ever spoke to me on earth.

This was a very striking circumstance, as I had spent my hours and days, during twenty years, with this old Father Mason, and he had never named this vision before to me. But at the beginning of this last conversation, he told me that he felt impelled by the spirit of the Lord to relate it to me. He had

this vision about A. D. 1800, and he related it to me in 1830—the same spring that this church was organized. This vision, with his other teaching to me, made a great impression upon my mind, and I prayed a great deal to the Lord to lead me by his spirit, and prepare me for his church when it did come.

In 1832, I left Connecticut, and traveled with my eldest brother to Oswego county, New York; and in the winter of 1833, I saw, for the first time in my life, an elder of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He preached in a school house near where I lived. I attended the meeting, and the Spirit of the Lord bore record to me that what I heard was true. I invited the elder to my house, and next day, I with my oldest brother went down into the water and was baptized. We were the two first baptized in Oswego county, New York. When I was baptized, I thought of what the old prophet had said to me.

In the spring of 1834, I went to Kirtland, saw the Prophet Joseph Smith, and went with him and with more than two hundred others in Zion's Camp up to Missouri. When I arrived at my journey's end, I took the first opportunity and wrote a long letter to Father Mason, and told him I had found the church of Christ that he had told me about. I told him about its organization and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon; that the church had prophets, apostles and all the gifts and blessings in it, and that the true fruit of the kingdom and church of Christ were manifest among the Saints as the Lord had shown him in his vision. He received my letter, and read it over many times, and handled it as he had handled the fruit in the vision; but he was very aged, and soon died. He did not live to see any elder to administer the ordinances of the gospel unto him. The first opportunity I had, after the doctrine of baptism for the dead was revealed, I went forth and was baptized for him; he was a good man and a true prophet, for his prophecies have been fulfilled.

W. W.

**A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.**—Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words and gives pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has something kind to say to every one she meets in trouble, and a helping hand to every child she finds in difficulty. She never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, but always tries to make her happy. Would it not please you to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Give a friendly hand to the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; speak kindly to those who are in trouble; try always to spread around you joy and sunshine, and you will drop better than pearls and precious stones wherever you go, and many shall be glad in finding them.

**LITTLE BY LITTLE.**—A boy stood intently watching some bricklayers at work. His father noticed him and said, "What are you thinking about, my son? Do you wish to become a builder of houses?"

The lad smiled, and then answered,

"I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet by laying bricks side by side, and on top of each other, great houses are built."

"True, my son. And just so it is with all great works. You become a scholar by adding one lesson to another. If a man would walk around the world, he must do it by putting one foot before the other. Life is made up of little moments, and the ocean of drop after drop gathered together. So, never be discouraged because things look difficult. You cannot jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side."

## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

**M**ANY of the events connected with the preaching of the elders in England are not strictly within the limits which we had assigned for this biography, still they are so interesting and instructive that we can not forbear mentioning them. Directly after the brethren commenced their labors in Preston, Satan began to rage and manifest his hatred towards them. Elder Russell had been appointed to preach on Sunday in the Market Place. Early in the morning of that day he came to the bedside of Brothers Kimball and Hyde and besought them to rise and pray for him. He was so tormented with evil spirits that he felt he could not live long unless he should obtain relief. While engaged in administering to him, President Kimball was struck senseless by some invisible power, and fell to the floor. The two brethren prayed in his behalf, and while thus engaged, he regained his senses. They laid him on the bed; but his distress was so great that he could not remain there; he fell on his knees and began to pray. The Lord released him from the power of the enemy, and he arose and sat on the bed, and the Lord opened his eyes that he could see the foul spirits which afflict the children of men. The horror and malignity seen upon the faces of those evil spirits, as they foamed and gnashed their teeth upon the brethren, never could be forgotten by those who saw them. By witnessing and experiencing these things, they learned the power of the adversary and his enmity against the servants of the Lord, and obtained some understanding of the invisible world. Satan saw that his kingdom was in danger, and he exerted his power against the servants of the Lord. Had the Lord permitted, he would, doubtless, have destroyed the brethren.

During this same day President Kimball attended to baptizing nine persons—being the first persons baptized in Europe in this dispensation, Brother George D. Watt being the first individual among them who went down into the water. Sister Jennetta Richards, who afterwards became the wife of President Willard Richards, was the first person confirmed into the church in England. After laboring diligently, and with great success, until April 20th, 1838, Brothers Kimball and Hyde sailed from England for New York, and reached Kirtland on May 21st, 1838.

We now return to the events which occurred in Kirtland. Our little readers will recollect that there was a very bitter feeling there among many who professed to be members of the church. The spirit of apostacy prevailed to a very wide extent. Men who ought to have been the warmest friends of Joseph, plotted against him, and, to gratify their hatred, they would gladly have sacrificed him. On the 27th of July, 1837, accompanied by Sidney Rigdon and Thomas B. Marsh, Joseph left Kirtland to visit the Saints in Canada. President Brigham Young also started in company with the prophet, he having been appointed on a mission to the eastern States. Bro. Brigham had for a companion Bro. A. P. Rockwood, who was on his way home to Massachusetts. He had visited Kirtland for the purpose of learning the truth, and had been baptized two

days previous to his starting homeward. When they reached Painesville, they were detained all day by their enemies getting up vexatious law suits. At last, when the sun was about setting, they supposed they were free, and Joseph got into the carriage to return home to Kirtland. But, as he did so, the sheriff jumped into the carriage, seized the reins and served another writ upon him. Several months previously a man had brought a new fashioned cooking stove to Kirtland. He was anxious to get sale for his stoves, and he prevailed on Joseph to let this one be put in his kitchen that the people might see it tested. It was for the payment of the cost of this stove that Joseph was now arrested. The man who had brought the stove to his house thought it was a good time to get pay, and had sworn out the writ against him. Joseph gave his watch to the officer for security, and then they all returned home.

You can imagine, children, how annoying such things must have been to Joseph; but his enemies constantly harrassed him in this way. They made him wade through persecutions of this kind from the time that he commenced declaring the truth until his death. He had no rest from their attacks. Yet, withal, he was a happy man, and rejoiced continually in the truth. He did not sorrow or mourn because he was called to pass through the same tribulation that his master Jesus endured when he was on the earth. The Lord gave him strength, just as he will give you, children, if you put your trust in Him.

The evening of the next day he and the brethren started again on their journey, and traveled all night to Ashtabula, a town on the shore of Lake Erie. Here they took a deck passage on a steamer to Buffalo. Those were days of poverty, and the elders in traveling were glad to obtain any kind of conveyance. They did not have money to pay for cabin passages and the best accommodations as many of the elders have now. Great changes have occurred since those days. The Saints have wonderfully increased in wealth, and they can spend hundreds and thousands of dollars easier now than they could one dollar then. The night the brethren were on the steamer they laid down on the upper deck of the boat, and for pillows some took their boots and others their valises; but they slept sweetly and comfortably; they were at peace with God, and His angels watched over them. If the captain of that steamer could only have seen them in their true light, he would have felt more honored than if the greatest kings or emperors on earth had been on board his vessel, and his best accommodations would have been pressed upon them. The next morning they arrived at Buffalo. Here they separated, Brothers Joseph, Sidney Rigdon and Thomas B. Marsh going to Toronto, Upper Canada, and Brothers Brigham and Rockwood going to the Eastern States.

Remaining in Canada some weeks Joseph enjoyed himself very much. The Saints gladly welcomed him and his companions, and treated them with great hospitality and kindness. Their faith was strong in the gospel, and they listened to his teachings with delight. He visited the various branches of the church there—accompanied by Elder John Taylor, who had been baptized in Canada and was then presiding there—preaching to, baptizing and blessing the people who would listen to him and his brethren. About the last of August he returned to Kirtland.

Every little floweret,  
Which growing up you see;  
Every little pink shell  
You've gathered from the sea;  
Every little thing that lives  
In earth, or sea, or air,  
God has made, and watches over,  
With loving, tender care.

## Original Poetry.

For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

### OUR "DIXIE."

How pleasant is our "Dixie"  
When winter's reign is here!  
The sun is shining cheerily  
When, elsewhere, days are drear.

The sky above is azure,  
And birds are flitting round,  
And making nature joyous  
With chirping, merry sound.

The north wind in its fury  
Comes not unto our land  
With bitter blasts that truly  
Bind streams with icy bands.

O, "Dixie!" pleasant "Dixie!"  
How beautiful art thou,  
The cotton flowers entwining  
With other beauties now!

And O, there is in "Dixie"  
The grand electric wire,  
With lightning words borne o'er it,  
On wings that never tire.

And soon I hope that printing  
Will spread the news around:  
May all good gifts and blessings  
Be yet in "Dixie" found.

St. George, January, 1867.

E. B. S.

## Correspondence.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 10th, 1867.

Editor *Juvenile Instructor*:

DEAR BROTHER.—While reading in your very useful paper, THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, instances of the importance and necessity of prayer, my mind was led to reflect on an instance in my own experience, illustrating the efficacy of prayer, which may perhaps be of interest to some of your readers.

When about twelve years of age I was employed as a cash boy in a large dry-goods store in one of the Eastern States. It was customary for three or four of us boys to eat our dinners down stairs, and then to play until our "time was up." On one occasion of this kind another boy and myself, to the annoyance of the porter, disturbed a carriage cover; for this offence the porter complained of us to our employer and we were discharged. At that time, being very desirous of emigrating to the Valley, and a widow's son, I felt the disgrace keenly. So, descending to the cellar for our hats, I passed through into the back part, knelt down and prayed to God for wisdom in the emergency, and then returned to my comrade in trouble. The porter came down stairs and was met by my companion with a volley of abuse, to which the porter paid no attention. Through the influence of a better spirit, which I had obtained by prayer, I asked him kindly if he thought he had done justly by us in getting us "turned out" for so small an offence, etc. He seemed quite affected by the manner of my address, and started up stairs, telling me to remain until he spoke to the "boss." He soon descended again with a smiling face telling me to go to Mr. T——, our employer. I gladly went to Mr. T——, who told me that the porter had spoken favorably of me to him; and said if I would promise to do better in the future, I might resume my duties. I cheerfully gave the promise, and remained until I emigrated, feeling that my prayer had indeed been answered. The other boy left the store that day and I have never seen him since.

Yours Respectfully,

T. COTT.

MANTI, Sanpete County, Jan. 12th, 1867.

Editor *Juvenile Instructor*:

Permit me to intrude the expression of the high estimation in which I hold the sheet recently presented to me under the title of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, which for simplicity and purity of diction, the happy selection and truthful tendency of the subject matter presented, I have never seen excelled.

Allow me to add that, in my capacity of Superintendent of Schools for this county, I hail the INSTRUCTOR as a very important auxiliary to our school readings, if not actually in the school room, at least as a text book for every domestic circle, to be the happy regulator of principles.

It would be out of place here to attempt to express my views touching the importance of early impressions, and their serious connection with the future of our children and the cause of God; but I will observe that I am encouraged to see a step taken in that important direction by the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

F. C. ROBINSON.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS

FOR OUR JUVENILES TO ANSWER.

1. What was the name of that young man who was sold to strangers for twenty pieces of silver?
2. What was the name of that warrior, who, when he took refuge among the enemies of his nation, thought it wisdom to feign madness?
3. What was the name of the man, who, with the jawbone of an ass for his only weapon, slew a thousand men?
4. What was the name of that prophet who cursed the children for mocking and calling him names; and how many children were there devoured by bears?
5. What was the name of that city whose walls were thrown down by the blowing of rams' horns and the shouting of the people?
6. What was the name of the apostle who, seeing Jesus walking on the water, got out of the ship and joined him?
7. What man was it whose ass saw an angel, and because his master struck him three times, spoke to him?
8. What was the name of that prophet who smote a rock twice and water gushed forth, and with whom the Lord was not pleased because he took the glory to himself?

For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

## CHARADE.

BY B. L. PEART.

I am composed of 13 letters:

My 1, 10, 3, 13, 12, is what all should be able to do.

My 8, 5, 7, is blue.

My 1, 11, 9, is the opposite of dry.

My 4, 2, 3, 10, 13, is an article of wearing apparel.

My 5, 3, 8, 4, can be seen, felt and heard but not described.

My 9, 10, 6, 11, belongs to the vegetable kingdom.

My whole is the centre of business in Great Salt Lake City.

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